MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VI. NOVEMBER, 1911 No. 9

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MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

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Vol. VI **NOVEMBER, 1911** **No. 9**

Lectures by Emma Goldman

Sunday Evenings, 43 E. 22nd Street

The lectures having aroused much interest and having called out large audiences, the course has been extended until December 17.

November 12.—Art and Revolution.

November 19.—Communism the Most Practical Basis for Society.

November 26.—Mary Wollstonecraft, the Pioneer of Modern Womanhood.

December 3.—Socialism Caught in Its Political Trap.

December 10.—Sex, the Element for Creative Work.

December 17.—Farewell Lecture.

The Meetings will begin at 8 P. M.

Questions and Discussions.

Single Tickets, 25c. Course Tickets, $1.00.

The week of November 20th to 25th, we will have meetings in Connecticut. November 27th to December 2nd E. G. will lecture in Massachusetts.

Comrades wishing for dates will please communicate with me at once.

BEN L. REITMAN.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THERE are certain things that cannot be left to others, to be attended to by proxy. One of them is thinking. Man had issued to divine Providence the mandate to direct fate—and came to grief as a result. Political providence has now crowded the divine into the background, and the subjects, citizens, voters are again the duped.

Man will have to recover the power with which his ignorance has invested gods, statesmen, priests, and politicians, before he can achieve maturity and independence. That is the ABC of Anarchism.

* * *

THE prosecution in the case of McNamara is trying to practice simplified trial procedure.

Such a simplified trial has only three acts:

Act I. A combination of plutocrats hires detectives who are experts in kidnapping and in unearthing secret dynamite depots.

Act. II. On the ground-work of kidnapping and the discovered dynamite depots the Grand Jury finds an indictment for murder against undesirable union leaders.

Act III. Only such witnesses are welcomed by the prosecution and the court who believe in the absolute honesty of detectives and the infallibility of the district attorney. As jurors only those are permitted who are convinced that detectives, prosecuting attorneys, and judges receive their inspiration direct from the Lord.

That the finale of a thus simplified procedure must doom the undesirable union leaders to the gallows is evident.

* * *

SLEUTH BURNS states in an interview that Emma Goldman is urging upon the workingmen to contribute their pittance to the defense of the McNamara brothers.

Nay, more. Emma Goldman is calling upon the toilers of America to concentrate their courage, intelligence, and love of fair play to strike a mortal blow to Justice supported by spies, and to sweep off the face of the earth government by and for detectives.

* * *

HAVING pierced the veil of the quack panaceas of State Socialism and of the miserable failure of the Labor Party in Australia, Charles Edward Russell, the Socialist writer, uttered the bold words:

> A proletarian movement can have no part, however slight, in the game of politics. The moment it takes a seat at that grimy board is the moment it dies within. After that it may for a time maintain a semblance of life and motion, but in truth it is only a corpse. This has been proved many times. * * * When we come to reason of it calmly what can be gained by electing any human being to any office beneath the skies?

Congressman Berger, who "in the name of the combined working class of America" is diligently working for the waste baskets of the National Legislature, grew pale at reading the heresy of Russell. Similarly terrified was Morris Hillquit, who is at all times willing to represent the combined working class of America. That was really going too far along Anarchist channels! They demanded Russell to be more explicit. Fortunately for him, he had already discarded the revolutionary lion skin and again sneaked back into the donkey hide of the voter and political candidate. He replied:

> I am not opposed to political action any more than I am opposed to the revolution of the earth upon its axis or the procession of the equinoxes or the course of the west wind or the transit of Venus or the canals of Mars.

In vain the attempt of Russell to cover his inglorious retreat with a cloud of verbose similes. Embrace, comrades, and united, to the hunt for votes!

* * *

THE demand for the trustification of religious faiths seems to be growing. All specialties of religious humbug are to be combined in one centrally controlled giant humbug. *One* golden calf, *one* shepherd (Pierpont Morgan?), *one* flock! The evangel, the "bread of life," is to be measured out to the masses like any other product of the trust. Religion is to go into cold storage—often very necessary, indeed, because of its stench.

One obstacle might prove difficult to overcome. At the Congress of Religions during the Columbia Exposition, a prominent theologian expressed himself in this manner:

"If all the religions in the world are to be merged into one, who, or what, will support the clergy that will be deprived of their salaries by the change in management?"

If Morgan and Rockefeller are not rich enough to pension all the discarded gods, goddesses, saints, popes, monks and nuns, the old method of competition between the various religious fakes will yet survive for a while.

* * *

FROM Gary, Ind., the slave plantation of the Steel Trust, it was recently reported to the New York *Times:*

To church in a patrol wagon was the enforced experience of many of the unregenerate who inhabit the city of Gary, Ind., this morning.

The cause of the sudden religious movement in Gary is the Rev. Nelson D. Trimble of the Central Christian Church. Dr. Trimble was dissatisfied with the customary smallness of his congregations and decided to bring the patrol wagon into requisition.

The patrol, manned by the driver and Dr. Trimble, started from the police station at 9 o'clock. Dr. Trimble beat time to the chug-chug of the machine with a bass drum. Before 11:30 more than 500 had been gathered and carried to the church. Many acquiesced at once when the wagon stopped in front of them. Several trips were made, the minister drawing men and women from the street corners, alleys, and from chairs in hotel lobbies.

The patrol was covered with banners announcing the church services. When the tires burst, the last load was near the church. Dr. Trimble detached the drum from the side of the seat, and heading a procession he formed, marched his captured flock the rest of the way.

The police welcome his latest innovation, and think that it will help public order.

What joy to be an industrial slave under the protecting wings of thieving plutocracy! Even a prisoner enjoys the right to decline church attendance. Not so the dependent proletarian under the lash of capitalism.

* * *

WHILE the shopmen of the Western railroads are out on strike, the trainmen on the same lines tranquilly continue at work. They carry wagonloads of scabs to points where the companies are particularly anxious to break the strike.

So long as the railroad magnates are enabled to employ with such ease one labor organization as a club against another, successful strikes are impossible. The workman badly needs a lesson in solidarity, the general strike, and direct action.

* * *

NOW that the high tide of the great strike battle in England has ebbed, it becomes clear that the go-betweens, politicians, and pimps have again succeeded in tricking labor out of the fruit of its heroic efforts and sacrifices. This constantly repeated experience should finally lead to the realization that official peace-makers and factotums are entirely out of place in a mature labor movement.

* * *

SINCE the student body of Columbia University have considered it compatible with their dignity and "high aims" to attend a "lecture on sociology" by Spy Burns, there is no reason whatever why they should not enroll Harry Orchard and Ortie McManigle as honorary members.

* * *

THE hour is apparently approaching in China when the Manchus and mandarins will be compelled to clear out. So far the tremendous rush of revolutionary waves has already forced an amnesty and constitution. May the Revolution not halt before the document, but advance forward to the very source of mass-hunger and mass-ignorance.

* * *

ON a bench in the park I talked with a "hobo" concerning the advantages of the new law forbidding the possession of concealed weapons.

It is wonderfully touching the way the authorities—he remarked in the course of our conversation—are concerned with the health and life of the citizens. One could write a large book about it. We have food inspectors who see to it that the people get good, wholesome provisions. It is a great reform. Unfortunately, it does not affect my mode of life. For the last three days I have been existing on three rolls and some thin coffee. There are also tenement house inspectors, but you see, when one has no roof over his head like myself—

And the law against concealed weapons? I interrupted him. Oh, that's great, splendid!—the homeless man replied. One of my kind is often insulted by some arrogant and brutal citizen. It's because of our shabby clothes and starved look, you know. Sometimes there is

a fight, and a crowd collects. If I get struck with a club, or someone hits me on the head with the butt of a revolver, I know that, according to Tim Sullivan's law, it must be a police officer, and that I am under the protection of law and order.

* * *

JOSEPH PULITZER, proprietor of the New York *World* died. The newspapers reek with canting eulogy and hollow admiration of the man. All voices join in the vociferous chorus of insipid commonplace and corruption. The burden of the professional plaint is Pulitzer's wonderful success, his marvellous intelligence and exceptional ability, lofty aims, uprightness, fearlessness, and so forth.

A few words to illumine the disgusting salaams.

Pulitzer began his career as a "determined radical,' the sworn enemy of the predatory rich. The accumulation of fabulous fortunes was to be curtailed, and reasonable limits set to individual income and possession; there was great danger of unchecked wealth corrupting public affairs. Within a short time, however, Pulitzer himself became a multi-millionaire of vitiating influence.

There was a time when Pulitzer was proud of his acquaintance with Michael Bakunin. But his "marvellous intelligence" quickly taught him that the path of the rebel against social injustice is thorny with poverty and persecution. His "lofty aims" resolved themselves into efforts of affording the people the luxury of gas kitchens at alleged "cheap" rates.

As journalistic sensation-monger he exerted his "astounding abilities" to pander to the lowest tastes of the "common people," indefatigably catering to popular superstition, prejudices, and fads. He trained his hired writers to "hit off" the events of the time, life with its struggles, as sensational copy, flat and stale, but "interesting" reading. His lofty purpose was to serve spicy sauce instead of meat, pungent chewing gum for bread, vapid soup for wine.

Were a future historian to suffer the misfortune of having to draw upon the pages of the *World* for his data of contemporary life, he would be forced to conclude that filthy politics, rape, kidnapping, murder, and divorce were the sole interests of our time.

To a greater degree than any other man Pulitzer fostered the degradation of the reporter even below the niveau of the detective. For social movement, for ideas and ideals above the daily curiosity of the good citizen and taxpayer, his newspaper had nothing but sneers. His eulogized "fearlessness" consisted in the shameless effrontery of feeding the public sweetened filth and mire labelled pure, wholesome nourishment.

* * *

SATURDAY, November 18th, MOTHER EARTH will celebrate its annual Fall Gathering (Terrace Lyceum, 206 East Broadway). Our friends will welcome the occasion to combine the festive spirit with comradely exchange of views and impressions.

The affairs of MOTHER EARTH have come to be the *rendezvous* of libertarian elements. Let each one help in still more emphasizing this year the unique character of our gatherings.

* * *

THE CRIME OF THE 11TH OF NOVEMBER

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

"Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne."

—LOWELL.

LEST we forget: On the 11th of November, 1887, the representatives of government, the interpreters of the law of Chicago, committed a crime that belongs among the most damnable in history.

Eight men, active in the labor movement, eager to organize, to educate and to enlighten the workers, were held responsible for the throwing of a bomb, although the real perpetrator had never been discovered, and remains unknown to this very day. A corrupt police force, a bloodthirsty judge and a misguided jury, incited by a lying press, conspired in this dastardly act.

Four of these victims—Albert Parsons, August Spies, George Engel and Adolf Fischer—were strangled to death on Labor's black Friday, the 11th of November, 1887. Louis Lingg secured a dynamite

cartridge, which he exploded in his mouth, thus robbing the hangman of his prey.

Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab and Oscar Neebe were sent to the Joliet Penitentiary. They were pardoned by Governor Altgeld in 1893. His reasons for doing so prove conclusively that the trial of our comrades was a deliberate outrage, a violation of every principle of truth and justice.

It would be well if the jurors who will sit in the McNamara trial could and would read the now famous document of Altgeld. It might help them to see that plutocratic influence, the bribing and terrorizing of witnesses, the perjury of contemptible spies to "fix" the evidence, make it well nigh impossible to get at the facts, and still more impossible to render a fair verdict.

* * * * * * * *

Louis Lingg closed his address before his virtual executioners in court with the following significant words:

"I protest against the conviction, against the decision of the court. I do not recognize your law, jumbled together as it is by the nonentities of by-gone centuries; and I do not recognize the decision of the court. My own counsel have conclusively proven, from the decisions of equally high courts, that a new trial should be granted us. The State's attorney quotes three times as many decisions, from perhaps still higher courts, to prove the opposite; and I am convinced that if in another trial, these decisions should be supported by twenty-five volumes, they will adduce one hundred in support of the contrary, if they shall be Anarchists who are being tried. And not even under such a law, a law that a schoolboy must despise, not even under such methods have they been able to 'legally' convict us. They have suborned perjury to boot."

Our comrades in Chicago knew what to expect in a court whose course was directed by the privileged classes. They knew that the high dignitaries of plutocracy and power clamored for the conviction and death of the Anarchists; and that the police as well

as the court were determined to meet the demand for a fair trial with deaf ears and with brutal fists.

In choking our comrades to death, the authorities hoped to nip in the bud the spirit of resistance among the workers, and to eradicate Anarchy. But they erred miserably. Ideas can never be killed.

When the Russian revolutionist, Soloviov, mounted the scaffold, he said: "I die to-day, but our cause will never die." The oppressors of mankind, much against their will, are being forced to recognize this truth as an irrefutable fact.

The memory of the heroic death of Parsons, Spies, Lingg, Engel and Fischer stirs anew our admiration and love for them; filling us with a yearning for a fate equally sublime as theirs. Our souls rise in deep indignation against their executioners; but hideous as their murder was, it yet gives birth to all that is good, strong and beautiful in our beings. Their memory inspires us to raise the torch of rebellion, to spread its glowing light from horizon to horizon, that the people may be gripped to their very depths, and cry out against the wanton crime.

That martyrs of liberty grow in their graves, that they become more dangerous in the stillness of their deaths than as living champions, that they remain immortal, must be a terrible truth to the enemies of freedom. Yet the vital lesson they will never learn.

While the memory of despots and tyrants, of statesmen and warriors is maintained only through artificial and arbitrary means, that of the pioneers and advance guards of humanity, perpetuates itself from generation to generation, serving as an impetus to lofty ideas and efforts, pointing the way to great and daring deeds. The thought of them has inspired the best and bravest of mankind and has urged them on to hold high the banner for which their comrades had given their lives. Not so the cursed memories of the Neros, the Napoleons, the Bismarcks, the Shermans, the Stolypins and their kind. It is productive only of hatred and strife, brutality and greed.

Our great dead, buried at Waldheim, in the Communard grave at Pere Lachaise and at the black wall of Montjuich, are the greatest educators of mankind.

They need no system; their sublime example helps to awaken enthusiasm, fortitude and zeal.

Our great dead, from the scaffold and the block, the rifle shots and the electric chair, who sent their last greetings to Liberty, are not dead; they live with us always, unto all eternity. Thus the people learn to know the men and women who have perished for the emancipation and liberation of all. Not a single one of the great legion has lost his life in vain. Their thoughts and deeds supply the leaven by means of which will rise a new and beautiful world.

❦ ❦ ❦

WENDELL PHILLIPS, THE AGITATOR

By MAX BAGINSKI.

ON the twenty-ninth of November, it will be one hundred years since Wendell Phillips was born. He died the second of December eighteen hundred and eighty-four; and although that is but a short time ago, yet he is already nearly forgotten. Officially the American republic does not honor his memory; for he was neither a statesman in the service of Mammon, nor a general with a famous and a bloody record.

Wendell Phillips was a powerful agitator who sought no other success than the enlightenment and emancipation of the people. Agitation to him was a means by which to counteract the poison of despotism that for its own aggrandizement keeps the masses in ignorance and inertia. Such agitation is still tabooed. The only kind of agitation that meets with the approval of the leaders of the nation is that which keeps alive and active the superstition of the ballot, to the end that they may realize on the spoils of victory.

Barely twenty years of age, Wendell Phillips was on an easy road to a successful career. Endowed with brilliant abilities and having splendid connections, he opened a law office; but the spirit of the time willed it otherwise:

"In the early thirties," says Phillips' biographer, Lorenzo Sears, "a movement was under way which

was so unpopular that its promoters might as well have been paroled convicts."

Young Phillips threw his whole soul into this unpopular movement of the Abolitionists. He gave up his profession, "because he could not conscientiously follow it under a constitution which recognized property in human beings, and sanctioned their return to bondage after their escape from it."

It was very dangerous then to be an Abolitionist. William Lloyd Garrison was made the victim of a well-dressed mob and dragged through the streets of Boston. Publishers of Abolitionist papers were threatened and their offices demolished. In 1837 Elijah Parrish Lovejoy fell a victim in Alton, Illinois, to the revolver shots of the defenders of slavery. The printing plant of his paper, the *Observer,* had been destroyed four times in succession. His assailants were mostly well-to-do citizens, who saw in slavery a sacred and unimpeachable institution. Whoever dared to attack it, was a criminal and an atheist who sinned against the Lord himself. This anti-Abolitionist fury was fostered not a little by the government. President Andrew Jackson issued a proclamation against the "incendiary agitation" of the opponents of slavery. Congress, too, lent its aid to break down the "constitutional rights of petition, the freedom of the press and speech."

As wage slavery is to-day, so was black slavery then considered a God-annointed institution. The language, misrepresentations and calumnies used against the Abolitionists are almost identical with those hurled at the Anarchists in the present day.

Thanks to his intensity, enthusiasm and brillant oratory, Phillips was the most dangerous opponent, and therefore incurred the bitterest hatred of the slave holders. Time and again his meetings were broken up. Fanueil Hall, the scene of many storms, was eventually closed to the friends of the black man. Instead it was turned over to the defenders of slavery. The police willingly closed both eyes in the presence of these wild and savage scenes enacted by the rich mob, by politicians and ministers of the gospel; so that

Phillips once made this caustic remark: "Abolitionists are accustomed to live without government."

The attitude of respectable society toward the abolition of slavery is elucidated in an address delivered by Wendell Phillips as President of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, in the fifties:

"For the twenty years these meetings have been held in the city of Boston no clergyman, no officer of the State, no man of any social standing or position of influence, has stood on this platform."

Experience and the bitter struggle taught him that the State and the Church are the most pernicious obstacles in the path of freedom. "The constitution and the Church are in the way of emancipation," he said. Then again, he advised against voting, "under a constitution that protects the slave-catcher." Agitation and distrust of politics were his slogan. The following words from one of his speeches are still of value:

"If the people do not rule, it is because they are willing to have politicians rule, instead."

He understood then that ownership and wealth will eventually dominate this country. The Union, he said, had produced wealth but not men greater than Daniel Webster, Caleb Cushing and Franklin Pierce. These, Phillips considered, but lukewarm and weak, ready to follow the wind.

When the Republican party was launched, many Abolitionists placed great faith in it; but our agitator declared that the time demanded not politicians but a revolution. No wonder he preferred John Brown and his direct methods, to the parleying of politicians. In his oration after the execution of John Brown, on the second of December, 1859, we find these characteristic words:

"Men say that he should have remembered that lead is wasted in bullets, and is much better made into types! Well, John Brown fired one gun, and has had the use of the press to repeat its echoes for a fortnight. . . . It was the beginning of the end. Now and then some sublime madman strikes the hour of the centuries—and posterity wonders at the blindness which could not see in it the very hand of God, himself."

Conditions finally forced the North to take a definite stand against the South. Outside of the cotton fields and the homes of the slave-holders, slavery had ceased to be of real value. Industries and the growth of cities demanded free labor. They demanded skilled workers, consumers for their market supplies, tenants for the landlords and a large class of the unemployed that would help reduce wages. These were the only things fought for in the civil war; the fate of the black slave was but an incidental issue.

To Abraham Lincoln, whose emancipatory greatness is really an historical myth, the liberation of the slave was merely of political importance. The State was much more to him than humanity; the security of the Union much more vital than the freedom of the Negro. The real opponents of slavery, men like Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, Whittier, felt keenly the shame and outrage of the market in human bodies.

Wendell Phillips realized the double-faced and half-hearted methods of Lincoln and the administration at Washington; hence his unremitting attacks. "Liberty is our idea," he once said, "and the government is trying to tread on eggs without breaking them." He saw much deeper than the mere Abolitionist.

After slavery had been abolished, some erstwhile champions thought everything had been accomplished. Garrison, himself, withdrew from the scene of battle. Not so Phillips. He foresaw the things we are passing through to-day; he foresaw the corruption, the incompetency of the government, of the legislatures.

"Republican institutions will go down before money corporations. Rich men die; but banks are immortal, and railroad corporations never have any diseases. In the long run with legislatures, they are sure to win."

Thus realizing that nothing can be gained through political channels, Phillips worked for a complete economic and social reconstruction of society. In an address to the workers he said: "Labor, the creator of wealth, is entitled to all it creates. Affirming this, we avow ourselves willing to accept the final results of a principal so radical, such as the overthrow of the whole profit-making system, the extinction of monopolies, the abolition of privileged classes, universal education or

fraternity, and the final obliteration of the poverty of the masses."

The workers of America should cherish the memory of Wendell Phillips. He towers high above his contemporaries. His name is still one of the beacon lights in the battle of great ideals.

DECLARATION

By BAYARD BOYESEN.

Let oligarchs order the west,
  And the Orient bow to a throne;
Let slaves for slaves attest:—
  I am my own.

Let rough majorities fit
  Their patriots avid of pelf:
No breath of my soul shall submit,
  No throb of myself.

Let them jeer in their penny press,
  And slay through the mouths thereof;
Let hatred hoot distress:
  I sing with love.

They may shackle the mouths of the sea
  Who brandish the governing word;
But how shall they shackle me,
  Me imperturbed?

Can a musket mean control,
  Can a chain and a gray wall span
The reach of a climbing soul,
  The will of a man?

Then bludgeon and dungeon I greet,
  O Compellers, with clink of my scorn:
No blood may hobble the feet
  That march to the morn.

FERRER

By JOHN R. CORYELL.

HERO worship is not a good thing. It is what a man has stood for and done that counts. It is better to go on with a good work than to take the easier course of glorifying the man who did it, while quickly forgetting what it was he did. Never mind symbols! keep the idea alive. We Americans teach our children to have spasms over the flag; but poor old Liberty is the lonliest figure in the land. How much better to keep Liberty alive and let the flag take care of itself!

Ferrer was one of a small band of pioneers who had recognized the deforming and paralyzing character of the so-called education of the schools and colleges. He was not only a pioneer, however; he was distinctly the expression of a world-wide ferment of unrest and longing. The time had come when something must be done, and he did it. He threw himself into the movement for real education with the devotion of one conscious of the importance of what he was doing. And the evidence that he was fit for the work to which he had devoted himself and that he had not exaggerated its importance, lies in the fact that he was murdered that it might be stopped in its dangerous beginning. So it is well to observe this Ferrer day for a while yet lest it be forgotten what he really stood for, and why he was murdered. Nor may it be said that in America we have no need to carry on the work of Ferrer. This is a land of pseudo liberty only and we are dominated by the same soul-destroying superstitions and traditions to which he was sacrificed.

It must be understood that the might of Spain and the power of the Romish Church were not put forth to stifle the voice of Francisco Ferrer because he had instituted a new scheme of education. It was because he represented to them the concrete evidence of that specter of an awakened proletariat, which to-day is menacing the governments of the world. He dared to enlighten the minds of the children who went to his school. He ruthlessly exposed to their clear gaze the hoary shams that have served for ages to silence the

voice of that divine discontent with evil conditions which is the source of all social progress. He believed that the State preferred a riotous mob that could be shot down, to an enlightened proletariat aware of its rights and of its wrongs. Of course he knew well enough that the most furious mob never resorted to violence except as a response to a greater and long-continued violence already wrought upon the wretched people. Yet he deprecated violence even while he understood it; and he believed that the hope of mankind lay in an aroused and cultivated intelligence. And that is why he is dead—murdered that his work might stop!

It may be said that that was possible in Spain—poor, backward, benighted Spain; but that it would not be possible here. I have noticed that the people of this country are very complacent. They sigh over the martyrs in Russia and elsewhere; but it is rather a sigh of contentment with their own lot than of resentment at the fate of the martyrs. It is not likely that the educational pioneer in this country will be killed by the State. I certainly hope not. But when men are in the way of the State, reasons are easily found for removing them. Ferrer was not murdered because he was a school-teacher. That was only his real offence. The accusation was something quite different. And has not a similar thing happened in this country? Have we not had our Chicago martyrs? Please to bear in mind that the most terrible foe to the present inequitable system is an enlightened people.

I suppose Spain is very backward; but the struggle there is precisely the struggle that is going on here, that is going on in every country in the world—the struggle for simple justice; for a fair chance in life. And the forces opposed to the man in Spain are the same here as there. He is weighed down here by the same superstitions, the same dreadful old traditions. If it be said that we have our public schools to cultivate the intelligence of our children and free them from the spell of superstition and tradition, I must answer that our public schools cultivate superstition and impose belief in the worst and most cruel of our traditions. They fail to teach children to reason; they

teach them to accept statements as truths. They exist for the specific purpose of making good citizens of our children. A good citizen is naturally one who believes the existing system perfect; one who submits to exploitation in the proud hope of being an exploiter himself some day; one who takes off his hat to the flag and stands reverently on his feet when the national song is being played, but who believes in a jail for anyone who says anything is wrong in the land. Our public schools, in fact, are doing the best possible to prevent progress; to make men and women content with evil conditions.

I do not say that this is deliberate and intentional; but I do say that it is inevitable. Our social system is based on the idea of property. So we see a government instituted whose one great purpose is the protection of property; not the welfare of man. We see a hierocracy whose pretended function is to point the way to a mythical heaven, but whose real purpose is to so sanctify possession that the real worship of men shall be of material things. We see a system of education designed almost solely to fit children for exploitation. It is called giving them a practical education; or fitting them for the struggle for life. It really unfits them by filling them with a sort of canned learning which in truth is nothing but a pitiful and arrogant ignorance. They are turned out charged with the belief that the acquisition of things is the evidence of worth, but woefully unable to make good even at that. But because they have had their reasoning powers destroyed they become the bulwark of the existing system—the great conservative force of the world, which is so easily manipulated by the beneficiaries of the system.

We make a great noise about our superior and wonderful civilization; but in fact we have only a most elaborately organized barbarism. All our efforts are toward the perpetuation of the sordid and mean; and we put a ban on the ideal and beautiful. Our schools deliberately set about making imitators and automatons of our children; and a creative and original child is called a bad or a difficult one. Now the fortunate thing is that all or almost all children are born rebels.

They want to think; they want to reason; they are little interrogation marks. The plan heretofore in vogue has been to break the child's spirit first; then to shut its disagreeable little mouth so that it will not ask questions and thus disclose the ignorance of those about it; then to open its poor ears and pour into its head a flood of antiquated opinion, which, it is solemnly assured, is truth. The usual way of doing this is to imprison from forty to sixty children in a room with a teacher, for five hours a day for five days in the week. The teacher must be a person who has been turned out by the same prison system, and who believes in it. The first thing is discipline. The children are taught obedience. The poor little wretches may be in a turmoil of longing for the air and sunshine, for the freedom of play, for the privilege of living in accordance with their own fine instincts; but no; they must not even look out of the windows; they must sit with hands folded, eyes on the teacher, or on something the teacher tells them to look at. Restless moving about is naughtiness. And they are penalized for any infraction of the rigid rules. There are bad marks; they are kept in after school; they may not play at recess hour; sometimes there is the rod, which is laid on lustily. Finally they are graduated. They have all learned the same things in the same way; they all think their ignorance is intelligence. They are now the bulwark of our barbarism; they have stopped trying to reason and are good citizens.

Opposed to this is now the so-called Modern School. It is a sort of monument which is being erected to Ferrer because he was murdered for giving to the children about him the opportunity to be really educated. We wish to make education real, too. And because the system in vogue in this country tends to the development of what may well be called ignorant knowledge; and also because that system is so thorough, there is nowhere in the world that the Modern School is more needed. Descartes, the father of modern philosophy, said that the end of education should be the development of intelligence. The Modern School has exactly that end in view.

It has been suggested that radical doctrine will be

taught in the Modern School. Nothing is further from the truth. No doctrine, radical or otherwise, will be taught there. Such a course would bring the Modern School down to the low level of the public school. The one controlling idea is to teach the child to reason and to let him develop into himself. To pump opinions into the child's brain is to clog it and render it useless. From my point of view the world is better for a Christian or a Jew who has reasoned his way into his cult than for the most advanced Agnostic, who has become such because he was so taught. I have never met a Jew or a Christian who had reasoned his way to where he was; but I have met Agnostics and other radical persons whose best reason for being was that they had been so brought up.

In the Modern School there should be no curriculum, no system of teaching. Each child should be in a class by himself. The aim should be to give the child an opportunity to develop into his best and highest possibility. No one can be better than himself. And the child can be trusted to find his own way to his best self. Let a child know that his questions will be answered, and that there is nothing in the whole realm of his experience that he may not question about, and you will find that one teacher for sixty children is not what is wanted, but sixty teachers for one child. Children are greedy for knowledge; you have only to supply it, and they will soon know—really know—more than you. The marvelous capacity of the human brain is only just now being suspected. Knowledge, itself, is fascinating; and it is only the way in which we have jammed it into the child's brain that has made study the awful thing it is. I am not afraid to say that a child of ten that has been permitted to develop its brain itself, can be more intelligent than most adults who are graduated from our foremost universities.

And physical training—not muscular development—should go on with mental development. Herbert Spencer once said that no healthy person could overexert his brain. I believe it. So there should be no unhealthful discipline to at once stupefy the brain and dwarf the body. Thou shalt obey should be driven

out and its place taken by the divine opportunity to be thyself. The child should learn to question and doubt authority; not to bow to it. Authority is usually the masquerade worn by frightened ignorance.

It has been objected that a rational system of education by which a child has been taught to reason, and from which the foolish things have been omitted, will unfit it for the life it must live. On the contrary, evil as our scheme of civilization is, a child with intelligence but which has not been crammed with unrelated facts and statements, will surely be better able to wrest a living from it than the poor, dwarfed, opinionated misfit of the schools. The intelligent person can take his place at once; but the product of the schools must invariably unlearn before he is fit for real life. That is the all but universal experience.

So I say with the noble Ferrer: Long live the Modern School!

* * *

IMPRESSIONS FROM PARIS

By Hippolyte Havel.

OUR forefathers dreamt of Rome. They had an irresistible desire to see the Eternal City. The classical education which they had received in their youth gave them an impulse toward the great mother of cities on the Tiber.

A change in ideals took place toward the middle of the last century. Paris became the dream of the new generation. It became the center of modern thought. The apostle of new ideas the revolutionist as well as the artist and the scientist, found here a congenial atmosphere. The German Heine, the Englishman Thackeray, the Russian Turgenieff felt themselves at home.

Why this longing toward Paris? Certainly it is not the life on the boulevards which attracts the social student, the scientist, or the artist. It is the atmosphere, which cannot be easily described through the medium of the pen, brush or chisel. "When I returned last time to America," said an American author to me only a few days ago, "I lived in the same way as I do here. Yet I missed something. It was the atmosphere of Paris."

One feels himself in the midst of full, pulsating life, a life which springs from the earth like the marvelous figures of Rodin. Paris is the city of new impressions, the melting-pot of new ideas. Art and Revolution, in the broader sense Art and Life, have here a closer connection than anywhere else.

One must go not only to the *Salon d'Automme* or to the *Indepndants* but also to the gatherings of the Socialist and Anarchist groups in order to understand what an influence art has on revolution or vice versa. Modern French art is an expression of revolt not only against old forms but also against degrading social conditions. The greater part of the now recognized artists had their early works reproduced in Anarchist, in revolutionary publications.

This connection between the artist and the revolutionary movement has a striking influence upon the workingman. A short time ago I attended a meeting of a group of former victims of Biribi. The word Biribi has a terrible meaning in France. It is a synonym for all the crimes perpetrated by the Cossacks of the bourgeoisie on the unhappy soldiers who break the rules of military discipline, and are punished in a terrible manner. Comrade Aubain, one of the victims of Biribi, describes in simple, straightforward language his experiences in the military hell. Yet his spirit was not broken. His voice was full of defiance and challenge to the leaders of the ruling class. Only a few days after the meeting he was sentenced to another term for anti-military propaganda expressed in a former meeting. The most interesting part of the meeting I attended was the participation of the *Chansonniers Révolutionnaires,* a special organization of comrades for "propaganda par le chanson." My dream of a "Cabaret Artistique et Revolutionnaire" found an echo. I saw what a factor artistic expression could be in the spreading of the Gospel of Anarchy. These comrades are all hardworking proletarians, yet notwithstanding the struggle for daily bread they show considerable talent. They inspire their hearers far more than a speaker can do. The audience takes part in some of the songs. As to the text of the "chansons"! They are the bitterest satire on contemporary events and conditions, on

politicians and exploiters. One can feel the approach of the stormy petrel.

No wonder then that the bourgeoisie is alarmed at the revolutionary tendencies in modern art. The authorities try to suppress these tendencies through legal prosecution. Many artists are being prosecuted at present. Comrade Grandjouan received recently a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment. He prefers to live in exile rather than eat the prison fare and has left for England. I had the luck to find him at his home just five minutes before he went to the depot to depart into exile. He was full of hope and enthusiasm. I am inclined to think that the government was glad to let him go. To send such an artist to prison would be a disagreeable task—even for such hardened politicians as are now at the helm. Still the cartoonists Auglay and Poulbot are now in the line for prosecution, notwithstanding the protest on the part of artists of world renown. This protest gained a new impetus through the prosecution of the novellist Charles Henry Hirsch for "offense against morals" in one of his novels appearing now in *Le Journal*. With great emphasis the signers of the protest state that while nothing is so far from the literary mind of France as to propagate pornography, yet it is just as far from it to tolerate puritanism. It is to be hoped that the spirit of France to-day is not the same as that which allowed the persecution of men like Flaubert, Gautier and Baudelaire a few decades ago. There is no doubt that the Intellectuals will never acquiesce in any kind of persecution for ideas. Tolerance of ideas, no matter how revolutionary or how strange they may seem to the multitude or to the rulers, is the slogan of the artists of France.

This tolerance can be observed at present in connection with the *Salon d'Automne*. While the honest critic tries to understand the new tendencies in art, the bourgeois on the contrary revels in his own narrow-minded bigotry. The bourgeois mind exists not only among the possessing classes—it can be found among the artists themselves—even, indeed, among many revolutionists. The inability to receive or to digest new ideas is typical of the bourgeois mind. One has only to witness the stupid attitude of the public in the room of

"les Cubists" to see an example of it. These people look with contemptous indifference or amusement at pictures which, to say the least, are consistently worked out according to perfectly logical formulae—whatever the individual opinion of their aesthetic value may be. As to the reactionists, they simply demand the suppression of the new art, and they accuse the good bourgeois minister Desjardin-Beaumetz of giving a helping hand to "Revolution" and "Anarchy" in art. It is, after all, but a repetition of an old story. As in former years Manet, Pissaro, Monet, Sisley, Renoir and Cezanne were the *bêtes noirs* of the classicists so to-day Matisse and Picasso, not to speak of "Les Cubists," are the laughing stock of the conservative public. But as Manet found an interpreter in Emile Zola, so will the modern artist find his literary interpreter in our day. Still there is some ground for the apprehension of the reactionist. In the preface of the catalogue of the *Salon* they find incendiary thoughts: they are told that the modern artist does not express life as they wish to see it, but as he himself sees it; that art is the expression of life, and that art knows no bounds; it is international. Instinctively they call it the "Revolutionary Art."

To be sure, dignified the revolutionary paintings seldom are, at least to eyes accustomed to the old style. The new art is startling, but it impresses one. How dull in comparison is the old Salon with its miles of canvasses, correctly, or at least conventionally, drawn and composed, but utterly lacking in feeling. The modern painters have a message to the world and their art is a mighty protest against the tenets of the old dry school.

The well-known publishers Schleicher Freres are placing Elisé Reclus "Correspondance" on the book market. These letters are a valuable contribution to contemporary thought and to revolutionary literature. The critics pay high tribute to the dead anarchist thinker and scientist. Eliseé and Elie Reclus were the sons of a liberty-living protestant priest who had a small parish at Sainte-Fay in the valley of Dordogne. Educated in the colony of the Moravian brothers at Neuwied in Germany, there they imbibed humanitarian and

cosmopolitan ideas, and took part in the Revolution of 1848. After the coup d'etat of Napoleon III. they were sent into exile. Eliseé Reclus was a great traveler. He traversed North and South America, Europe and Africa. For the great publishing house of the Hachettes he wrote his profound "Geographie Universelle" and "La Terre." Sentenced to death for participation in the Commune, he was pardoned because of a protest from the scientific world. Of his anarchist writings only two small pamphlets have been as yet translated into English. The "Correspondance" ought easily to find a publisher in the United States.

The *Confederation Generale du Travail* inaugurated a great protest action against the abominable "Lois Scelerats," made by the frightened bourgeoisie after the attentats of Ravachol, Henry, Vaillant and Caserio in 1893 and 1894. These dastardly laws are now being used for the suppression of syndicalist and anti-military propaganda. The *Ligue des Droits de l'Homme* founded in the stormy period of the Dreyfus agitation, directed a mighty protest against the new application of these laws.

The attitude of the intellectuals could again be seen in the meeting held at the *Hotel de Sociêté des Savants* protesting against the act of brigandage on the part of Italy in appropriating Tripoli. Anatole France, Francis de Pressensé, Pierre Quillard, Gabriel Seailles and others took part in the protest. I was forcibly struck by the presence on the platform of the Turkish State Secretary Haladjian Effendi. I wonder whether, when he saw the protest of the French workingmen, he thought of the oppression by his order of the striking Turkish workingmen. A voice from the gallery, which called the attention of the audience to the solidarity of the exploiters in all countries, must have reminded him of his crime as a member of the possessing class.

The influence of the literary world also played an important part in the trial of the editors of *La Guerre Sociale,* who unmasked the spy Metivier and two of his colleagues. The trial was a *cause célèbre* and ended with the defeat of the prosecuting government. The former premiers Clemenceau and Briand, who hired these detestable creatures and used them as agents' provocateurs in order to discredit the syndicalist move-

ment stood in the public pillory. The speech of Miguel Almereyda, the chief defendant, was magnificent. Even the capitalist press had to recognize the grandeur of the orator and the force of his arguments.

The prosecution tried to prove that the defendants in unmasking the spies acted in the capacity of public judges, assumed official authority, broke the right of domicile and restricted the personal liberty of the spies. The jury acquitted the defendants of the charges. Deafening applause followed. All shades of political opinion were represented on the witness stand—Royalist and Bonapartist, Republican, Socialist and Anarchist, all declared in emphatic terms their contempt for the *mouchards* and their employers. It was a memorable sight: Maurice Pujo, leader of the *Camelots du Roi,* Henri Rochefort, de Pressensé, Griffuelhés, former Secretary of the *Confederation du Travail,* Pouget, de la Chapelle of the *Journal des Debats* and many others denouncing the Napoleonic methods of Clemenceau and Briand. The system of agents provacateurs received a terrific chastisement.

Gustave Hervé, who is serving a term of five years in the prison of Clairvaux for his anti-militaristic and revolutionary propaganda, has received two additional years for an article in *La Guerre Sociale.* He edits the paper from the prison under the nom-de-plume of "Un Sans Patrie." Hervé inspires great admiration among the revolutionary youth and has many enthusiastic followers. Although daily accused and attacked by the Guedist wing of the Socialist Party for his leanings toward Anarchy and his collaboration with the Syndicalists and Anarchists, his strength in the party seems to grow from day to day. On the other hand, some Anarchists accuse Hervé of Blanquistic tendencies. Undoubtedly there is great danger in the methods practised and propagated by Hervé and his school. The cloven hoof of the proletarian dictatur is visible. But notwithstanding all theoretical differences this must be recognized: Hervé has awakened an immense enthusiasm among the younger generation; he has inspired the movement with a new spirit, the spirit of active rebellion. The young generation is tired of dogmas and theories. What it wants is active participation, vital ideas and a life full of vibration.

KOTOKU'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH ALBERT JOHNSON

(*Conclusion.*)

Tokio, May 28th, 1907.

DEAR COMRADE AND FRIEND.

I came back from the watering place two weeks ago. My body is improving by and by. The case of *Heimin Shimbun* was decided. The publisher and editor were sentenced to imprisoment on the charge of publishing my speech.

However, I, the speaker, was found not guilty. It is very fortunate, but strange.

After the suppression of the daily, we have no organ. Few comrades are going to start a weekly, but they are devotees of Parliamentarism, so we cannot expect very much from it.

My mother came back from my native town and is living with us. She is 67 years of age.

I guess that you are now very happy in your dear San Francisco, and especially with your dear granddaughter. I wish to see her. Please send her picture to me. I'm going to send some present later on to Alice, your granddaughter, and I will send any Japanese product she likes. Let me know what kind of Japanese things she would like to have. How are your eyes? I hope you are in good health.

D. KOTOKU.

Tokio, Aug. 16th, 1907.

DEAR COMRADE.

Received your letter of July 23rd and many fine cards. We were much pleased with them, especially with your dear daughter's picture, which is now a decoration of my study.

My wife sewed a kimono of muslin for present to Miss Alice. I mailed it to-day in postal package. Perhaps you will receive it in a few days after this letter arrives. Only thing to say, that kimono is made of muslin. We could not buy silk one, because it is dear pretty much and were afraid that the custom duty will be very high. However, that cloth is very nice. We wish to hear how Alice will like it.

Climate here very hot and much rain, but my health improving rapidly. Last two weeks I lectured on Anarchist morality at a Socialist summer school, which was held in a Universalist church. Best regard to your family and all comrades. In hurry.

I ever remain,

D. KOTOKU.

Japan, November 14.

DEAR COMRADE.

Received your letter and card of Oct. 8. Many thanks for *Everybody's Magazine,* in which the story of Russian girl* was most interesting.

Yours fraternally,

D. KOTOKU.

Japan, Dec. 6th, 1907.

DEAR FRIEND AND COMRADE.

At the arrival to my old home after about one month's travel, I soon found your plaster cast all right, which was already transmitted from Tokio post-office.

I do not need to say how all members of my family at my native village were pleased with this curious thing from the land far over the ocean. I was also very glad, especially to receive it without damage; only a small piece on the side of the shoulder was broken, but I pasted it soon.

Indeed, it will be a precious souvenir for me and the dearest decoration in my study, because the noble thought and the tender heart of my old best friend are always to be seen in it, and my mind to be unceasingly encouraged, inspired and consolated. Accept my sincere thanks for your kindest present.

My intestinal trouble is not yet well and my wife is suffering from rheumatism for a long time. I hope, however, the warm climate of my native country and our quiet country life will improve our health. I will stay here till the summer of next year, as Tokio is very cold in winter and spring.

Japanese Socialist movement was split at last to two parties—Social-Democrat and Anarchist Communist.

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* Marie Spiridonova. H. H.

It is a very natural development known in all countries. Japan, which has already produced Social-Democrats and Anarchist Communist, shall now produce many, many Direct-Actionists, Anti-Militarists, General-Strikers and even Terrorists.

Present my best wishes to your daughter and granddaughter. Hoping for your good health,

Yours fraternally,

D. KOTOKU.

P. S.—Dr. Kato, father of young Kato, is now in Germany. He attended the International Socialist Congress in Stuttgart as the delegate of Japanese Socialists. He is a Social-Democrat, or rather Social-Reformer. Young Kato is now at Hamburg. He always communicates with me.

Sakai is now making his living by writing and translation. His little daughter Magara lives with her father. She is four years of age and very clever.

Japan, Feb. 3rd, 1908.

DEAR OLD FRIEND AND COMRADE.

Received your letter of Jan. 10th. I am very sorry to hear that your eyes are still bad. Yes, remedy of eye-disease costs heavy. The progress and development of medical science does not bring any benefit for the people but the rich men. In present, all medicine and doctors exist to cure only the possessed class.

You will be alarmed to hear that comrades Sakai, Osugi, and four other comrades were arrested on the eve of Jan. 17th (Friday) in Tokio. I would have been arrested also had I been there.

On the last summer we organized a group "Kingo-Kwai" (meaning Friday Association) and held meetings on every Friday. The police began soon to interfere, and the meetings were often dispersed without any explanation. On the eve of Jan. 17th the meeting was dissolved and all attendants were dispersed. But when the police forced several comrades who remained there to have other conferences to go outdoors, they protested and a quarrel followed. The light went out. They struggled in the dark hall. Then Comrade Sakai stood upon the roof of the house, from where he spoke brilliantly to the people on the street and severely attacked

the police's violence. The police drew down Sakai, and other comrades stood in his place. So six comrades were at last taken forcibly by about 30 policemen to the police station. In vain, many crowds struggled to prevent their arrest.

They were soon prosecuted on the charge of violence of the "peace act" and are now under the trial.

Received the *Blade*, for which accept many thanks. Should I have time, I will directly write to the *Blade* as to the belief of the Japanese military men. As the result of the arrest of the comrades, I am now very busy.

Sakai's address is as follows:

Toshihiko Sakai,
Tokio Prison,
Ichigaya, Tokio.

If your eyes are improved I hope you will write to him, but do not touch the political and social problems, because such letter will be seized by the censor. In a hurry.

Yours fraternally,

D. KOTOKU.

Health of both, I and my wife, by and by improve.

Japan, July 7th, 1908.

DEAR COMRADE AND FRIEND.

Forgive me for not writing for so long time, as I was still laid up. How are your eyes? I hope they are better.

You will be alarmed to hear that a wholesale arrest of Anarchists was made in Tokio.

In carrying through the city two or three red flags on which the letters "Anarchy" or "Anarchist Communism" were written, 15 or 20 of our comrades conflicted with 60 policemen who tried to seize the flags. After a severe struggle 14 comrades were arrested and thrown into the prison. Among them are Comrade Sakai and 4 young girls. They are now under most barbarous treatment, it is said, and any interview or communications with them are prohibited, so we cannot know what condition they are in. We are only waiting for the day when they will appear before the court.

I am going to leave here within two weeks for Tokio, but my mother and wife will stay here longer. Your

letters for me address as before. They will be transmitted.

Take care of your eyes. In a hurry.

Yours fraternally,

D. KOTOKU.

Tokio, Aug. 19th, 1908.

DEAR FRIEND AND COMRADE.

I came back to Tokio again to prepare for the publication of our new organ. My health is better now. Comrade Sakai and 13 other men and women are in the prison. How are your eyes? Hoping to hear soon from you,

Yours fraternally,

D. KOTOKU.

Japan, April 11th, 1910.*

DEAR OLD FRIEND AND COMRADE.

I was compelled by the political persecutions and financial difficulty to retreat into this watering place, Yugawara, Sagami, about 70 miles from Tokio. During the time I was in Tokio the policemen always followed me. All my business and movements were so illegally and cowardly interfered with by them that I became unable to get any livelihood.

I came here three weeks ago. I am writing a book in which I mean to assert that Christ never existed, but was a myth; that the origin of Christianity is found in pagan mythology, and that most of the Bible is forgery. In writing this I owe much to Mr. Ladd's and A. Besant's books which you sent me.

Received many daily papers in which the details of the great strike are published and a copy of the *Firebrand*. I thank you very much for them. The *Firebrand* is a very good magazine I think.

Miss Kanno** is with me. Her brother's letter arrived a few days ago. He is now in Los Angeles. He

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* Last letter of Kotoku to Albert Johnson.

** Suga Kanno, friend of Kotoku, after his separation from his wife, Chiyo, on account of political differences. Mrs. Chiyo Kotoku did not accept the Anarchist beliefs of her husband. She remained a parliamentary Socialist. H. H.

is a good young fellow, though Christian and Anti-Socialist.

I will stay here about two months.

Yours fraternally and sincerely,

D. Kotoku.

* * *

THE MASSACRE OF THE WORKERS' CHILDREN

THESE poor little souls are born, amidst tears and suffering they gain such love as they may, they learn to feel and suffer, they struggle and cry for food, for air, for the right to develop, and our civilization at present has neither the courage to kill them outright quickly, cleanly and painlessly, nor the heart and courage and ability to give them what they need. They are overlooked and misused. They go short of food and air, they fight their pitiful little battle for life against the cruellest odds, and they are beaten. Battered, emaciated, pitiful, they are thrust out of life, borne out of our regardless world, stiff little, life-soiled sacrifices to the spirit of disorder, against which it is man's pre-eminent duty to battle. There has been all the pain in their lives —there has been the radiated pain of their misery, there has been the waste of their grudged and insufficient food, and all the pain and labor of their mothers, and all the world is the sadder for them because they have lived in vain.

H. G. Wells.

* * *

POVERTY UNNECESSARY

MANKIND has reached a point where the means of satisfying its needs are in excess of the needs themselves. To impose, therefore, as has hitherto been done, the curse of misery and degradation upon vast divisions of mankind, in order to secure well-being for the few, is needed no more; well-being *can* be secured for all, without overwork for any.

Peter Kropotkin.

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Any one wishing to sell his copy of Max Stirner's "Ego and His Own," we will buy it. Let us hear from you soon.

BEN L. REITMAN.

Jules Scarcerrueux, one of our most active and faithful comrades, compelled through illness to give up hard work, is desiring pupils in the French or German language and Esperanto. Those wishing for information will please address him at 61 Gen. Greene avenue, Trenton, N. J. Our comrade will, of course, come to New York, if need be.

* * *

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

FREE COMMUNISM—Voluntary economic co-operation of all towards the needs of each. A social arrangement based on the principle: To each according to his needs; from each according to his ability.

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